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life. Andrew Graham is credited with saying Marcus Tullius Tiro, father of stenography, was a colored man.'"

RANORDINE, RINORDINE, RINOR. — I should be very glad if any one would tell me, or put me in the way of finding out, what legend or tradition or folk-tale underlies the following song, especially the third, fifth, and sixth stanzas. I quote it here from a pocket song-book of the earlier part of the last century; it has also been printed recently, in a somewhat different form, in Trifet's (Boston) "Monthly Budget of Music." The song is current in Missouri and has been for a long time.

One evening as I rambled Two miles below Pomroy,
I met a farmer's daughter, All on the mountains high;
I said, my pretty fair maiden, Your beauty shines most clear,
And upon these lonely mountains, I 'm glad to meet you here.

She said, young man, be civil, My company forsake,
For to my great opinion, I fear you are a rake;
And if my parents should know, My life they would destroy,
For keeping of your company, All on the mountains high.

I said, my dear, I am no rake, But brought up in Venus' train,
And looking out for concealments, All in the judge's name;
Your beauty has ensnared me, I cannot pass you by,
And with my gun I 'll guard you, All on the mountains high.

This pretty little thing, She fell into amaze;
With her eyes as bright as amber, Upon me she did gaze;
Her cherry cheeks and ruby lips, They lost their former dye,
And then she fell into my arms; All on the mountains high.

I had but kissed her once or twice, Till she came to again;
She modestly then asked me, Pray, sir, what is your name?
If you go to yonder forest, My castle you will find,
Wrote in ancient history; My name is Rinordine.

I said, my pretty fair maiden, Don't let your parents know,
For if ye do, they 'll prove my ruin, And fatal overthrow;
But when you come to look for me, Perhaps you 'll not me find,
But I 'll be in my castle; And call for Rinordine.

Come all ye pretty fair maidens, A warning take by me,
And be sure you quit night walking And shun bad company;
For if you don't, you 'll surely rue Until the day you die,
And beware of meeting Rinor, All on the mountains high.

H. M. Belden.

COLUMBIA, MO.

THE TWIST-MOUTH FAMILY. There was once a father and a mother and several children, and all but one of them had their mouths twisted out of shape. The one whose mouth was not twisted was a son named John.

When John got to be a young man he was sent to college, and on the day he came home for his first vacation the family sat up late in the evening to hear him tell of all he had learned. But finally they prepared to go to bed, and the mother said, "Father, will you blow out the light?"

"Yes, I will," was his reply.

"Well, I wish you would," said she.

"Well, I will," he said.

So he blew, but his mouth was twisted, and he blew this way (the narrator shows how he did it — blowing upward), and he could n't blow out the light.

Then he said, "Mother, will you blow out the light?"

"Yes, I will," was her reply.

"Well, I wish you would," said he.

"Well, I will," she said.

So she blew, but her mouth was twisted, and she blew this way (blowing downward) and she could n't blow out the light.

Then she spoke to her daughter and said, "Mary, will you blow out the light?"

"Yes, I will," was Mary's reply.

"Well, I wish you would," said her mother.

"Well, I will," Mary said.

So Mary blew, but her mouth was twisted, and she blew this way (blowing out of the right corner of the mouth), and she could n't blow out the light.

Then Mary spoke to one of her brothers and said, "Dick, will you blow out the light?"

"Yes, I will," was Dick's reply.

"Well, I wish you would," said Mary.

"Well, I will," Dick said.

So Dick blew, but his mouth was twisted, and he blew this way (blowing out of the left corner of the mouth), and he could n't blow out the light.

Then Dick said, "John, will you blow out the light?"

"Yes, I will," was John's reply.

"Well, I wish you would," said Dick.

"Well, I will," John said.

So John blew, and his mouth was straight, and he blew this way (blowing straight), and he blew out the light.

The light was out and they were all glad that John had succeeded, and the father said, "What a blessed thing it is to have larnin'!"

(The story hails from Plymouth, Mass.)

Clifton Johnson.

HADLEY, MASS.

CORRECTION. — In a letter to the Editor, Mrs. Zelia Nuttall states that her article on "The Periodical Adjustments of the Ancient Mexican Calendar," noticed in this Journal (vol. xvii, p. 288), "instead of a critique of Professor Seler's paper, contains a *correction* of his dogmatic assertion that